

RESTORATION

Vol. I.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—NOVEMBER, 1948

No. 12.

Author of "Dear Bishop" Starts "Dear Seminarian"

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Seminarian,

For the last two years, you and your fellow seminarians have been among my most faithful and numerous correspondents. Your range of interests seems to be infinite, for which I thank God daily. For you are our priests of tomorrow, and it is of the essence of the priesthood to be all things to all men. That of course means a wide range of natural and supernatural knowledge.

But where do I come in on this search for knowledge? As your letters continued to pour from all the Provinces of Canada and the forty-eight States of the Union, I kept asking myself that question over and over. My conscience began to trouble me too. For what could I, an ordinary woman, contribute to a group of young men, who get the very best the Church has to give in study and training.

The Prelate Says—

So acute became my perplexity, so deep my worry, that I took both to a certain prelate. He listened to my outpourings, to all my generalizations, even to some specific cases, and then smilingly bade me to continue answering, to the best of my ability, each and everyone of you, and to leave the results of my answers to God.

Then he suggested that since I "was in the habit of writing to Bishops" — for hadn't I written DEAR BISHOP? — why not write a series of letters to Seminarians, to answer publicly the many questions that have interested some individuals. He went on to say that this might help other seminarians who had the same problems and interests, and who had not written me.

I thought he was joking. But he was in deadly earnest. In fact he explained that this was the century of Catholic Action by the laity, and of intense Lay Apostolates, and that every Bishop was concerned with it, realizing full well that it was the weapon God had chosen to fight communism, the deadliest enemy the world and the Church had yet to face.

A Seminarian's Weapon

Therefore it was essential that seminarians learn all there was to learn about that weapon. Because I was, as he put it, a pioneer in the "intense Lay Apostolate" — meaning, of course, Friendship House — I had something he thought vitally important to give to seminarians in general, and especially to such as con-

tacted me. It was my obligation before God, he asserted, to share the knowledge acquired so painfully in eighteen long hard years of our apostolate to the masses.

The voice of Bishops, to me, has always been the voice of God. So here I am doing what I have been told starting a series of letters to you my dear seminarian, and to your confreres, doing it in fear and in trembling. Will you pray for me that what I have to say will be for the greater glory of God and His Church?

The first thing I want to speak of is prayer. We the laity need to know how to pray. Will you learn how, so that when the time comes you can teach us? For all Catholic actions, all activities of the lay apostolate, are but chaff in the wind, useless, sterile, and can even become a danger to our souls, if they are not steeped in prayer. It is only in Christ, through Christ, with Christ, and for Christ, that such movements are undertaken, and Christ is first found in prayer.

Faith Warned by Mass

Of all the prayers we must know, the best is the Mass, and it is you who can best teach us this prayer. Show us how to participate in it, what relation it has to our daily life, how it can permeate life and make every moment of it holy, giving us strength not only to withstand temptation but to become true soldiers of Christ, bold enough to bring our warm faith into a world cold with hate.

Learn well the way of offering Mass; for every gesture you make, every word you say, has an infinite meaning, and will help us to understand, to take part better, with greater recollection, with deeper fervor. Make us aware that the ITE MISSA EST, is but the beginning of our integration of this august sacrifice into our lives. Yes, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY THE MASS . . . BUT DO EVEN MORE . . . TEACH US HOW TO LIVE IT.

But daily Mass only begins, or should begin our prayer day. Of course you will make it very clear that Communion is an integral part of the Mass, and for us, the laity, the Bread of Love, the Bread of Strength on which alone we shall be able to fight the good fight and bring our enemies to their loving Father, our Lord and God.

We Will Need Help

But the day is long. And we will have to go into the thick of a world that has



either forgotten God or learned to hate him.

Many will be our temptations. We shall need more help. Please teach us, in simple ordinary language, that prayer indeed is life. Tell us of the prayer of the mind. Mental or meditative prayer. Show us how we can do it on our way to work, to school, in the midst of a busy household day. And don't forget that the contemplative prayer belongs to us the laity too. We need it so! This prayer of silence and love.

Tell us about it in our own limited vocabulary. Leave out all the big words. Love does not necessarily need



One heart and one soul

them. And you who are what you are because you are in love with Love, Who is God — you of all people will, I know, find these simple, one-syllable words that will make the prayer of contemplation easy for us, your future children.

Tell us more often too of the goodness of God and His mercy, so that in our simple way we may come to Him without fears, when the day is ended, and with hearts really filled with sorrow for all our sins of omission and commission.

Yes dear Seminarian, please make yourself ready to teach us how to pray — so that we may learn how to love God as He should be loved.

Reparation Society Grows In Numbers

By Margaret Winters

Some months ago, going early in the evening for a visit to St. Andrew's Church in Pasadena, I noticed a large group of people, men and women, of all ages, entering the church. All wore brown scapulars publicly, and as soon as all were kneeling, a young man, in the center of the group, opened the service, leading the group in the prayers of the angel at Fatima: "My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, I love You; I ask Your pardon for all those who do not believe, nor adore, nor hope, nor love You."

The rosary then was recited and I felt that I had never really said the rosary before in all my life. Each decade was prefaced by a long meditation, read aloud by the leader, very slowly and reverently; at the end of each decade, the prayer taught by Our Lady of Fatima to the children was recited: "My Jesus, forgive us our sins; save us from the fire of hell; and lead all souls into heaven especially those who most need Your mercy."

Earnest Prayers

After the rosary, the litany of Loretto was said, followed by short aspirations in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of St. Joseph, for the missions, and for the conversion of Russia. How earnestly they prayed, "Savior of the world, save Russia."

Then all made an act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart, ending it with a promise to receive Holy Communion on the First Saturday of every month, to offer five decades of the rosary each day, and to make at least one hidden act of self-denial each day.

The young leader then said, "Let us all place ourselves, consciously in the presence of Jesus in the tabernacle," and the litany of the Sacred Heart was said, after which there was a moment of silent prayer before entering into a most solemn meditation. The leader commenced to read it from Fatima Findings, but in a few minutes he closed his eyes, and carried on the meditation extemporaneously and beautifully. The group was attentive and silent.

She Joins Society

It was so impressive, those serious, devout faces, no music, no sermon or priest, just a group of people who

seemed to desire, so very much, to make the reparation that our Lady of Fatima requests. That night, I joined the Reparation Society.

Started in 1946, in Baltimore, I believe, by five people who decided to hold their own Holy Hour on the first Saturday of each month, it has now spread to forty-four of the forty-eight States, and beyond our borders. The aim is to obey our Lady's request for a greater personal sanctification among all Christians, to make reparation to her Immaculate Heart, and to promote the daily recitation of the rosary.

In some of our parishes, instead of the Holy Hour, groups attend Mass and receive Holy Communion, recite the rosary, wearing the Scapular publicly, and spend fifteen minutes after Mass in meditation and prayer. The most impressive thing about all the groups is their deep seriousness and sincerity. Every one who attends the Holy Hour is so impressed and edified that he comes back each month. Recently we have been privileged to have Benediction the last fifteen minutes of the hour.

One Convert Makes Another

I invited a recent convert to attend last month. This month, she is bringing six friends with her. So it grows. With no advertisement (many of our own parishioners know nothing about it) it attracts every one who hears of it. In some States the groups are large enough to divide into smaller groups and each group holds its own hour, so it is continuous all day, every First Saturday.

So far, our local group has only the one evening hour.

I am afraid I haven't made you see it—with the exception of one aisle filled with the members, the rest of the church empty, no candles or organ (until Benediction) nothing to appeal to the emotions, just a group of people earnestly trying to help our Lady to save the world; yet every one attending for the first time invariably says, "How beautiful; I'm coming every month from now on."

The manual says that even three people may form a branch. If I could be even very remotely responsible for a group starting, I would be the happiest person in the world.



RESTORATION

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Poverty . . . Chastity . . . Obedience. The three Counsels of Perfection were given by Christ to the world, to bring the world closer to Him. The world has forgotten them, or has relegated them to those few who, under vows, pledge themselves to walk with the Holy Three all their lives.

What a pity, this forgetfulness, this relegation! To us has been given a blueprint for happiness, for joyful living, and fools that we are, we have let it slip through our fingers, we fear that its seeming austerity might hamper us in the pursuit of that very happiness of which they are the keys!

In the last issue we spoke of Poverty. Today we want to speak of Chastity. The first thing to clarify is the idea that the Counsels as a whole are meant for "Religious only," and are only to be taken up and practised under vows.

To us it seems that their call, their spirit, IS FOR ALL CATHOLICS, to be made their very own, to be practiced to the limit of each soul's capacity, and according to the graces given it by God.

For the Counsels are ways of Perfection . . . and the Lord Christ said to ALL . . . "BE YE PERFECT AS MY FATHER AND I ARE PERFECT."

Why aim at less? Why not take the short cuts in the Royal Road to Christ, given to us by Him?

CHASTITY . . . The most joyous of all virtues. The shining, singing one, that captures human hearts at first sight. Her face has been an inspiration to countless poets, composers, and painters. Who of us has not felt refreshed before her reflection in the face of youth? Who has not honored her in the persons of men and women? Who has not recognized her imprint on the face of age?

Chastity is not negative. No virtue is. It does not mean only NOT TO BE UNCHASTE. It means to show the resplendant beauty of Chastity to a world drunk with lust.

Chastity being positive, neither can stand still, nor hide its beauty and healing powers under a bushel. Like all other virtues it must fare out into the world that Christ wants restored in Him and to Him.

Therefore let youth first lead the attack, for youth speaks to youth in accents unmistakable. Let them bring to their work, and to their play, the chastity of their virginity for the whole world to see, to admire and to try to imitate. What a profound lesson that would be! How quickly lust would wilt and die in the hearts of men, in the fire of such Chastity!

Then their elders could join this glorious fight. Wives and husbands . . . Chaste in their glorious wedded love, chaste in speech and manner, chaste in dress and behavior. What better weapon could be used against the materialistic-communistic doctrines of free love and licentiousness?

Chastity, sister to purity, child of Charity, is our inheritance from God. Yours and mine. Let us make her our very own. Let us do more. Let us bring her—the great healer, to a morally and mentally sick world that never needed her so much as it does now. Let us not delay . . . FOR THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME LEFT!



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The red leaves of October — how the forests blazed with them a week or so ago! — lie without honor in November's woods.

Rain and snow and frost have taken the bright tints from them. Winds have rolled them together and spread them everywhere, covering them here and there with dirt or sand or soggy pine cones.

What was sheer beauty has become a mere utility. Armies with gold and scarlet banners — gay youths in splendid uniforms — have become a rotting carpet on the cold wet earth. What was alive and joyous has become a blanket for the life that will be born next Spring.

October is dead. Long live October!

The leaves were at their brightest, early in the month when I left Combermere, headed for Chicago. And I thought — you know how it is sometimes with heart patients? — I thought I might never see such loveliness again.

"The year is dying too," I thought; "but it will linger on until all this beauty is hidden by the glory of the snow. The year also has an infarcted heart; but, unlike me, it can only die on schedule. And which of us shall live the longer, only God can say."

Leaves and Lights

There were red leaves in Chicago too, a little patch of them high on a tree outside the hospital window. And they shone at night — or maybe that was just bits of a neon sign I saw through the leaves. (Let us be truthful when we can.)

It was a Sunday evening when I was admitted to the hospital. It was the feast of the Little Flower. Also, because it was the first Sunday in October, it was the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary. So what could happen to me that I wouldn't like?

On Saturday, after a week of many tests, I was, you might say, handed back my life. Or what was left of it.

"You do not have an infarcted heart," the doctor said. "Neither do you have a coronary thrombosis. Your gall bladder is in excellent shape. So is your liver. Your digestion is admirable. But I do not think you will live more than thirty, or thirty-five years."

"Just what is wrong with me, then, if anything?" I inquired.

"Your aorta is swollen and somewhat sclerosed," the doctor said. "I'll give you some pills for that. In three to six months you will be as well as ever."

Danger! Fun at Work

"My aorta!" I exclaimed. "You mean it doesn't work like it orta?"

He pretended he had not heard what I said; that nothing had changed in our relations as doctor and patient; that our long friendship still existed.

"Go home," he said, "and go to work. But do not work too hard. Do not chop down more than three trees in one day. And do not pick the biggest trees to chop. Everything in moderation. Let that be your motto. One book a year. No more. Eat whatever you want. But—for at least six months—no more cigarettes."

Now I had been more of a pipe smoker than a cigarette fiend until they told me

I had an infarcted heart. I took up cigarettes when I began to convalesce.

"You can have three a day," said the doctor—this was in Pembroke, Ontario, in February—"if that means anything to you."

"You can have ten a day," said another doctor—this in Combermere, sometime in July or August.

Doherty's Arithmetic

Well, that made thirteen cigarettes I could smoke daily. The doctor in Chicago said, "no more." I knew what he meant, of course. No more than thirteen. But I suddenly got superstitious. About that thirteen, you know. So I reversed it. Thirty-one cigarettes a day. That was more like it, I thought.



Nobody opposed the idea, so I gave up smoking. Abruptly. And completely. No more cigs. Until next April anyway.

It was pleasant in the hospital. And there were many pretty nurses who came into my room to say hello.

"The Manor hospital," one of them told me, "believes that a patient wants three things especially; a good bed, good food, and plenty of cheerful nurses. The doctors here are mostly Jewish. The nurses are all Catholics, and most of them Irish."

She liked the Manor, she said, better than "the out and out Catholic hospitals," because in the latter places the nuns do all the missionary work; and the nurses do nothing but nurse.

"Since I've been here," she said, "I've had the chance to get several babies baptized, and to talk at least two lapsed Catholics into getting the priest. One of them died just after making his last confession."

There were many pretty nurses; and there were many visitors. It was a nice time I spent in Chicago. And it was a wonderful trip back to Combermere, driving through the flaming woods.

The Guy Goes April Nutty

The leaves are gone. So what? So are my cigarettes!

The leaves are dead and buried, but there'll be new leaves next April. And plenty of fresh cigarettes—if I should care for them.

But the point I've been trying to make all through these columns—and haven't yet succeeded in making—and it isn't much of a point, at that—is that the last month wasn't October. It was April.

So far as I am concerned, the year 1948 had two Aprils in it. One had green leaves, and one had red leaves.

I liked the red-leaved April better because it made me feel I was back in the first half-century of my life.

The B's Corner

The recitation of the Divine Office, is, thanks be to God, spreading among the laity. Yet it is only natural that it should. For in our days of Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate, more and more lay folks realize the need of prayer. Without it, their activities on behalf of God and His Church become sterile.

And what better prayer, after the Mass itself, is there to compare with the divine office? It makes one's head dizzy with joy, and fills the mind, heart, and soul with infinite gratitude to realize that we the laity can and should unite our "little voices" to the mighty choir that rises day and night to the very throne of God from all parts of the earth.

If You Want Answers

Do you seek answers to the many problems that besiege our modern life, or those of the Apostolate? The divine office gives them, day by day.

Take us here at Madonna House for instance. It was in Terce of Monday, one of the "Little Hours," that we found the perfect hymn for the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style, which we are making our own now: "Come Holy Ghost, Who, ever

One,
Reignest with Father and with Son,

It is the hour, our soul possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let flesh and heart, and lips
and mind

Sound forth our witness to
mankind;

And love light up our mortal
frame,

Till others catch the living
flame.

Now to the Father, to the
Son,

And to the Spirit, Three in
One,

Be praise and thanks, and
glory given

By men on earth and Saints in
heaven. Amen."

So it goes. If you are interested in finding out more about the divine office and the laity, write to the Editor of Orate Fratres, Collegville, Minn. He will be glad to answer any queries, and to furnish breviaries, or all the "hours" separately.

She Asks Why

Speaking of the Lay Apostolate. Why is it so difficult to get a group of Catholics together studying, discussing God and the things of God, and then integrating the newly found and clarified verities into their daily lives? This question in various ways and forms comes to me weekly. The answer frankly eludes me.

True, human respect of which I spoke in earlier issues of this paper forms a great part of it. Of all the minorities in this north American Continent we Catholics seem to be the most afraid of being "different." Yet Christ bade us to be very, very different from the "world" in which we live. Showing us how by this difference we could convert it to God, to love, to truth.

Being different is hard. But do we ever stop to think why we should, and for Whom we are to be different? If only we could take time off, to think THAT through, I am sure much of the indifference, complacency and human respect would vanish from our lives. Christ asks us from His

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

For the last month I have been meditating on the virtue of gratitude, which to me is of course part of Caritas which is love . . . and I came to the definite conclusion that no one can get even with God. No matter how hard we try. Because His generosity and mercy are infinite.

Eddie and I, anyhow, feel that the rest of our lives will be spent thanking Him and the thousand old and new friends who have been praying for Eddie's health. For he indeed is better.

True, he has some trouble with his coronary aorta, but this will, it is hoped, soon yield to medication. DEO GRATIAS. And a million thanks to all the priests, nuns, and layfolks who have been praying for Eddie's recovery. The Lord heard their good prayers, and our gratitude knows literally no end. We are grateful too to our Canadian and American physicians who so ably helped Eddie on his long road to better health. May God bless you all.

Home Sweet Home

It is wonderful to be home again. Even though a thousand big and little jobs waited for me here. First among these was, of course, the mail. It always is there, thanks be to God. It is good to see many letters greeting me on my return. This time there were about four hundred.

Each letter is like a visit from a dear friend, bringing help, cheer, sharing joys and sorrows.

Then there is the Fall-Winter program to start in earnest. Our Catholic Woman's Club is now going strong, and I don't mind saying that we are proud of it. You should see the aprons, pillow cases, mitts, socks, and all kinds of embroideries that the good ladies have produced for the forthcoming church bazaar! Our main aim is to help our good Pastor and the Church, but we also have grand times

when we get together.

Our first teen age dance took place in the last days of October, it was given in honor of Lorraine Schneider, Acting Director of our Wisconsin Friendship House, and Grace Pratt, our beloved volunteer who is to become a Staff Worker this month. Both of them were spending their holidays here. It was grand to have them. The dances will take place from now on, we hope, every third Thursday of each month.

Sleep Little Orchard

The five acres were calling for my attention too. Late vegetables had to be taken in; flower beds had to be fixed for the winter, our "apple orchard" had to be put to sleep, and the bees had to be "organized" for the winter.

The Red Cross. The little children's story hour. A church bazaar that lasted three days. And many other little and big jobs were waiting my return. But the biggest of them all still remains—the Christmas party for five hundred kids. Ours and those of adjacent parishes. And once more I have to send an SOS . . . especially to the holy teaching Nuns, begging, imploring, cajoling, hoping that they will respond as they did last year and have their pupils adopt ten, twenty-five, a hundred of our children . . . PLEASE.

To our many lay friends goes the same urgent please. PLEASE . . . Money, Toys, Mitts, Scarfs, Caps, Candies. All are urgently needed for the party. Also Christmas-tree decorations. Thank you.

The Lady Says Please

Please send all mail parcels to: MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA. All Railway Express to: MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, VIA BARRY'S BAY STATION, ONT., CANADA, OVER THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS. Mark all parcels: "FOR CHARITY AND MISSION WORK ONLY."

WEDDINGS

MAKLETZOFF—HARRIGAN
By Catherine Doherty

To the ever growing family of Friendship House and its many friends the news of the marriage of Nicholas Makletzoff and Ann Harrigan will be joyous news indeed.

The ceremony took place in the Jesuit Seminary Chapel, in Toronto, last Oct. 5; and the honeymoon couple is now living at 1081 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (Caré of Markov.)

To me this is one of the happiest events in the last ten years. Ann, former director of Chicago's Friendship House, and the assistant director general of the whole movement, has spent that decade with us.

I well remember the day when she came into my dark, one-roomed apartment, in Harlem, to ask about our work. She was a young, beautiful, vivid, forthright girl in a white dress with a red belt. She wore red shoes, and her hair was tied with a red ribbon. She was a vision of another world—the one I had long ago left behind.

In the ten years, and more, that followed her visit, she

has made Friendship House richer and more fruitful. The Chicago branch owes her its very existence. I too am deeply in her debt.

It was here in Combermere she first met Nicholas, a relative of mine. He is an architect, an engineer, a designer, an artist, a musician, a fisherman and hunter.

Congratulations, Nick . . . And all good wishes to you both.

Rural Delivery

September 24, 1948
Feast of Our Lady of Mercy

Dear Editor:

I'm making this brief but it must be done, otherwise, I'll have no peace. Since my visit to Combermere, I've written very little and my conscience has been torturing me. I desire to write; I believe that I should, and I've promised my friends that I would. That's why I say, "It must be done." Besides, I've been told that it may be the talent for which I, someday, may have to give an account. However, if I must write, it's best that I tackle, in my own way, the most important issues of the

LAUDAMUS TE . . .

By Catherine DeHueck

This, the story of a Friendship House few people know, began in the August issue of Restoration. It is a pilgrimage into the past, so that future generations of Friendship House Workers may know, remember, and pray for, those who really made Friendship House possible and prepared the way for them to join it.

Father Paul and Mother Lurana of Graymoor. Founders both, and first Superior-Generals of the Graymoor Franciscans Friars-Nuns of the Atonement, whose collective entry into the Church is now part of American Catholic history.

I first met them when poverty drove me across the southern border of Canada to New York, in search of more remunerative work.



A Stranger on Broadway

Oh the loneliness of a big strange metropolis! There is no lonelier place than the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street, New York, when one is a stranger. Into this loneliness, out of nowhere, stepped Father Paul.

I wish I really could do justice to him and Mother Lurana. I wish I could tell as it should be told, the story of their infinite charity, their hospitality, the depth of their understanding, and of their ability to help so delicately that the recipient of their gifts almost felt as if he were conferring a favor by accepting them.

Graymoor was for me a haven of peace, a refuge from the gray, dark life that was mine at first in New York. I fled to it at every opportunity. Later I lived in a lovely old house at the

day.

Who's going to win the election? What are we going to do about Russia, and how long before the shooting starts? These are the questions constantly being asked wherever persons gather.

As has been witnessed in the past, it really doesn't make too much difference whether the Democrats, or the Republicans win the election. But what we should do about Russia, must be done now, otherwise the shooting will start much too soon.

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foot of the hill on which the monastery stood.

It was in the little chapel of the Convent, on January 1st, 1927, that I became a novice in the Third Order of St. Francis. There, a year later, I was "professed," taking the name of Mary Magdalene, my favorite saint because not only did she love much, but also because she was the only ordinary lay woman to stay with the Lord until the end of Calvary.

Father Paul and Mother Lurana taught me to see further, to love God better, and to try to serve Him more fervently. It was they who kindled the banked fires of my strange vocation. At one time I thought of becoming a nun in their Order. Father Paul gently showed me I had other work to do for the Lord. He bade me wait and pray until I could see what it was to be.

Friends In Need

When the time came, and I did find it . . . it was to those two that I turned in my need. Busy people that they were, they always had time to answer my many letters. Always they stood by, advising, helping, settling my restless mind and soul, pointing to the right turns to take, the right steps to make.

When finally Friendship House in Toronto, the first foundation of all, was a reality, Father Paul came down to see for himself what he could do to help me. For years we received \$150 a month regularly from him and Mother Lurana. Whenever things were tight, they would send more.

In the early days of our foundation the workers were all received by Father Paul into the Third Order of St. Francis. We called ourselves THE GUILD OF OUR LADY OF ATONEMENT, in gratitude for all that the two founders of the Society of Atonement had done for us.

Friends Indeed

It was due to the interest of Father J. Lafarge, S.J., Fr. M. Mulvoy of St. Mark's Parish, in Harlem, Father G. Ford of Corpus Christi, and Father Paul of Graymoor, that I came to Harlem.

Again Graymoor opened its doors to me and my spiritual children, invited our Youth Clubs to come there for picnics, and our adults for one day retreats. And again Father Paul helped; financially, and with advice.

In "Tumbleweed," the story of the miraculous cure of my son by Father Paul has been told.

As I look back I wonder how I could begin to repay my infinite debt of gratitude to these holy two. Friendship House owes them its existence. My son owes Father Paul his life. My soul owes both of them much of what it knows about God and the things of God.

Is there a way one human being can thank another for gifts like that? I doubt it. But then, these old friends are beyond thanks. They are looking at the face of Almighty God, joyously secure in their eternal reward.

If there ever were two saints in the twentieth century in America, Father Paul and Mother Lurana are they. Humbly I now pray to them for my needs, just as I used to in the old days.

On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

This year 1948 is the hundredth birthday of the founding of the first workable credit union. It is gratifying to be able to state that our Canadian credit union movement leads the world.

Eighteen years ago there were no credit unions here, outside the province of Quebec. For thirty years that province which originated the "people's bank" idea, in 1900, by Desjardins, at Levis, built up the tide which finally overran the boundaries and spread to the nation. The movement reached the high level of 2,546 credit unions in 1947. Membership mounted to 775,129 and the total assets were \$220,493,199.

In the last eight years the number of credit unions has tripled, membership increased by almost 100%, while assets are ten times greater. The war years caused a decline in the credit union movement everywhere except Canada. Here the expansion has been remarkably steady.

The total savings in Canada's credit unions, in 1947, amounted to \$208,868,273, a gain of almost 70 million dollars, in the course of two years. Last year throughout Canada the average saving per member was \$269.46. Quebec province had the highest average at \$351.31 with Saskatchewan a second best with \$168.53. Taking in all credit unions, the average number of members per credit union was 323. Here again Quebec leads with 491, while New Brunswick came second with 263.

Thirty Years Ahead

Having a thirty year start Quebec is way ahead of the rest of the country in credit union work. This province now has 1020 credit unions, Ontario 293, and Nova Scotia 219. Total savings for all provinces was 50% higher last year than in 1945. Total loans to members amounted to \$80,210,032, an increase of almost 17 million dollars over the previous year.

These figures that we quote are indeed imposing and represent a high average of progress for the credit union movement in Canada . . . And this is as it should be. Note well, however, that hardly one thirteenth of the people are deriving benefit from the movement. The other twelve millions are not setting their mode of living, or determining the morality of their behavior, by the standard of "What ought to be" but by "What is," the fashion of the day.

People are taking things as they come, without question, and with glum submission. The majority are worshippers of the "Accomplished fact" cult. They neither approve or disapprove of anything. They "let her go as she looks," which is nothing else but "UTILITARIANISM" and "MORAL FATALISM." It is condemned by the teachings of the Church.

What's the Use?

Moral fatalism expects people to shape their lives and their doings by force and power; or, through weakness, bow to the "inevitable" . . . "Get there, regardless of whose toes you step on," or "What's the use,"

(Continued on Page Four)

WE BEG SOME THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear Friends in Christ,
I begin this letter to you
... IN THE NAME OF THE
FATHER ... THE SON ...
AND THE HOLY GHOST ...
AS WELL AS IN DEEP
FAITH ... BECAUSE
CHRIST PROMISED THAT
IF WE ASK ... WE SHALL
RECEIVE.

And ask I must. Because
this fourth branch of Friend-
ship House, located at the
edge of the Canadian North-
land and engaged in the
Rural Apostolate, which is
just as desperately needed
as the city ones, is in dire
need of so many things ...
and where can I go but to
you who through the years
have so generously shared
your earthly goods with us?

All we have to give is our
poor selves ... our lives ...
for the rest we must look to
our brothers in Christ ...
and so:

WE BEG—Toys, candies,
books, mittens, socks, toil-
et soap, old costume
jewelry, so that we can,
this coming Christmas,
make FIVE HUNDRED
children, boys and girls,
ranging from SIX
MONTHS TO SIXTEEN
YEARS, happy as they
never have been happy
before.

WE BEG—Clothing, second
hand, for men, women,
children of both sexes and
babies, because folks
hereabouts have many
children, and with the
high cost of living ...
things are hard for them
... very hard.

WE BEG—Books, good new
Catholic books ... the lat-
est and best for our two
Catholic Lending Librar-
ies, the children and adult
ones ... For never was
there such need for God's

truth, never was there
such hunger for it ... Nor
have the enemies of God
been more active even here
in this northern wilder-
ness.

WE BEG—Magazines,
pamphlets, missals, rosar-
ies, medals for the same
reasons.

WE BEG—MONEY. To help
those who are utterly des-
titute, to be able to or-
ganize the programs that
will bring men, women
and children closer to God.
To heat our house ... to
buy simple humble fare
for ourselves. For stamps,
to answer the thousands
of letters that come to us
yearly. To mail out our
Outer Circle Letter, and
our monthly newspaper,
Restoration.

These things we beg, in
utter faith ... in utter sim-

licity ... in utter trust.

THANK YOU.
MAKE CHECKS AND
MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE
TO:

MADONNA HOUSE.
SEND ALL PARCELS BY
MAIL TO — MADONNA
HOUSE, COMBERMERE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

SEND ALL EXPRESS
PARCELS VIA BARRY'S
BAY, ONTARIO, CANADA,
AND THE CANADIAN NA-
TIONAL RAILROAD. BE
SURE TO MARK ON PAR-
CELS: "FOR CHARITY
AND MISSION WORK
ONLY."

Gratefully.—Catherine De
Hueck Doherty.

IN HIS NAME . .

I wish there were space to
publish all the letters we get
from Europe ... they almost
make us ashamed to sit
down to a meal. Alas, we are
poor ourselves, and so re-
luctantly we share with you
their needs. Desperately, it
seems, they need fats and
general CARE packages ...
PLEASE ...

Mrs. Claudia Tschetverikova
Nurnberg 2
D.P. Camp Walka
B. V1 B. 38 Zim, 11
Germany

Miss Elisabeth Salget
(22) Königswinter (Rhein)
bei Bonn
Dranchenfeltsstraze 2
British Zone—Germany

Mrs. Olga Kolyschkine
Camp Macn Lager D.P.
Wendelhofen
BL-C. Zimmer 10
Bayreuth
USA Zone—Germany

Rev. Sister M. Judith, 227
E. 72nd St. New York City,
21, N.Y., U.S.A., begs speci-
ally for donations of cash.
Five dollars and fifty cents,
she says, will send one per-
son in Hungary the needed
fats. How many persons need
this, we asked? Tears came
to her eyes. She answered,
"LEGIONS!"

Therefore, we should stop
wondering what to do, and
get down to business to do
what we must, otherwise it
may, again, be too little and
too late.

At my work the other day,
while thinking of the terrible
conditions which face our
Christian civilization, the
following verse came to my
mind:

That we may know the TRUTH,
Which alone can make us FREE;
Subscribe to "RESTORATION,"
Help save CHRISTIANITY.

Sincerely in Blessed Mar-
tin de Porres.

— Anthony Constable.

THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

Cross ... to be "different"
for love of Him Who loved us
unto death. For the sake of
our immortal souls, for
which He paid such a ter-
rific price. For the sake of
our own immortal destiny.

She Tells Why

Another part of the ans-
wer is "ignorance." Ignor-
ance as to how to start, what
to select first. How to go
about it. And what to do,
when one has started.

The starting is simple.
Just start, alone, or with a
few friends — getting to-
gether at each other's houses
REGULARLY. Not less than
ONCE A WEEK. Study any-
thing you are most interest-
ed in as a group or individ-
ual. The Mass. The Sacra-
ments. The Beatitudes.

Or concentrate on Labor,
Interracial Justice, Mar-
riage, A Christian Home. No
matter where you start, you
always will come back to
God, and from Him to the
understanding that all re-
forms, all apostolates, begin
with the reformation of self.
With personal sanctification.
Slowly, the whole picture of
a Christian World as it
should be, will be yours, from
whatever angle you begin to
study it. The grace of God
that will come abundantly
upon you, will do this.

As to "what to do," that
is simple too. First turn
your eyes on your own par-
ish, which is the gateway of
grace for you. Try to see
with seeing, open, eyes. Be-
fore you know it, you will
wonder how it was that you
did not realize, for so long,
the terrific needs at your
own front door.

Charity begins at home,
but never ends there. The
perusal of any Catholic
paper or magazine will give
you a million opportunities
to help your fellow men. The
hungry folks of Europe, the
missions, and many other
Christian opportunities will
be filing through the newly
opened door of your heart.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

it is going to be that way in
spite of all objection," etc.
Let a man attempt to
make any improvement in
the things that seem to him
to be amiss, or dare try to
regain control (Money, for
example) of the things that
relate to his liberty and free-
dom, in economic or social
life, and he is immediately
sneered at, or dubbed "an
illusory idealist."

"Be realists" we are told.
Yes, and when we become
realists "might" becomes
"right" and all our moral
standards are crushed be-
neath the weight of existing
evil ... Jungle morality ...
Follow this morality and
men will live together as
beasts and bullies ... as the
nations are doing at the
present time.

Be idealists and join a
credit union. It pays, in
money, in freedom, and in
Christian living.

MAKE READY THE WAY OF THE LORD ~
MAKE STRAIGHT HIS PATHS ~



Have You Read — Vision of Fatima?

Speaking of newspaper-
men, what a swell reporter
the Rev. Thomas McGlynn,
O.P., turned out to be! The
good Dominican was sup-
posed to be nothing but a
sculptor, though he did
write a pretty good play,
sometime ago. So he gets a
commission to make a
statue of Our Lady of Fa-
tima. That, naturally, takes
him to Portugal.

He gets the idea that it
might be a wise and pious
idea to talk to "Irma Dore,"
Lucia, the only survivor of
the three children to whom
Our Lady appeared at Fa-
tima. She would be able to
help him with the statue,
giving him pointers about
this part of the Lady's dress
and that part of her mantle,
etc.

So what happens? So he
gets her help, of course. He
gets to talk to her by the
hour. Day after day she
comes in to his workroom
to help him. She talks to

him as she never talked to
any other interviewer. She
poses for pictures. She gives
him dope for a book. So
Father McGlynn leaves Por-
tugal not only with his
statue, but also with ma-
terial for a couple of years
of lecturing, and enough
left over to fill more than
two hundred pages of a
book!

He Talks and Writes Too

Of course you have to be
something more than a
sculptor to lecture, or to
write a book; but it seems
the priest has all it takes to
accomplish either or both of
these tasks. He has written
an extremely interesting
book in "Vision of Fatima,"
which Little, Brown & Co.,
Boston, sells for \$2.50. And
he has cleared up some
things that other writers on
Fatima left in doubt.

Father McGlynn has done
such a workmanlike job of
reporting — to say nothing
about the job of making a
statue—that the editors of
Restoration are impressed.
And he has done a swell job
too as a priest. Listen to

this:

"But we definitely miss
the 'spiritual meaning of
things' if we think that Our
Lady came at Fatima to tell
us how to keep out of a third
world war, or how to convert
Russia, or how to achieve
tranquility in our earthly
existence. She came to tell
us how to keep out of hell!"
Any time the author of
"Vision of Fatima" wants a
job on Restoration, he can
have it.

RURAL DELIVERY

(Continued from Page Three)

What should we do about
Russia? What we must do
is very simple and can be
done by everyone having
the use of reason. The Bless-
ed Virgin Mother of God told
us distinctly what we should
do, thirty-one years ago,
when she appeared to three
little children in Portugal.

All we must do is to work
for the salvation of our im-
mortal souls, and when great
enough numbers do this,
Russia will be converted and
peace will reign once again.

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ONTARIO, CANADA

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